

## Someone by lilypad18

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)  
**Genre:** Drabbles, F/M, Fluff  
**Language:** English  
**Characters:** Eleven and Mike - Character  
**Relationships:** Eleven and Mike  
**Status:** Completed  
**Published:** 2017-11-04  
**Updated:** 2017-11-04  
**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 14:36:03  
**Rating:** General Audiences  
**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply  
**Chapters:** 1  
**Words:** 730  
**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org  
**Summary:**

Some drabbles inspired by the lyrics of, "Someone" by Anna of the North, which I do not own in any way, shape, or form. Lyrics aside, it has an 80s vibe, and it's a really good song.

## Someone

*There's something in the water  
I can feel you getting under my skin*

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She could feel him everywhere, and that was most likely a side effect of visiting him so frequently. She felt him in the way the late afternoon sunshine would filter through the window. She felt him in the warmth of the blankets on cold nights. She felt him in the wild anger when Hopper told her she couldn't see him yet.

When she did visit him, however, she made sure to memorize every single detail. On Day Twenty-Five, his hair was pushed to the side and he had a slight flush to his cheeks. On Day One Hundred and One, he looked handsome in a blue shirt. On Day Two Hundred and Thirty-Six, his lips were chapped from the cold. She listened to every word he said, cherishing them as if this would be the last time he talked to her. After all, she never knew.

She would think of these details whenever she was lonely or mindlessly flipping through channels. She took note of the shows he would like, along with the shows he wouldn't. She promised she would show him both, and they would laugh about the overdone soap operas together.

On whatever day *that* would be.

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*Lose control, want someone to take me home  
I lose touch, throw my arms around you, baby*

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Eleven woke up screaming, her hair dark with sweat. Heart beating fast as she gripped the sheets, she recounted the nightmare to herself. She stood in front of the gate, and it wasn't closing. With all of her

might, she willed the shadow monster to disappear, its sharp fingers playfully poking through the gate. *Go away! This is my home, not yours!* The monster's grin was wide enough to show through the bright light of the gate.

The door to the basement flew open, making Eleven look up. To her relief, Mike made his way down the stairs, his own chest rising and falling unevenly.

"Is everything okay, El?" He crossed over to her and sat down next to her. She felt her lip quivering, and like she discovered over time, words were never enough to explain how she felt. Her emotions were just as strong as her powers. She leaned forward and threw her arms around his neck. Mike immediately enclosed her in his own. *Home*, she thought.

Home sometimes has a heartbeat.

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*I'm only human, baby*

*Sometimes act a little crazy*

*(No, I'm not the only one)*

*I'm only human, baby*

*Need someone to come and save me*

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The sound of a plate breaking in the kitchen started Mike, drawing his attention away from his homework. Placing his pen down, he got to his feet and joined Eleven in the kitchen. He paused in the doorway when he saw one of his mother's plates in pieces on the floor.

“What happened . . .?”

“I couldn’t figure out how to make popcorn, so I threw a plate.”

Frowning, Mike stepped over the white shards to stand beside his girlfriend.

“You know that isn’t the correct thing to do, right?”

Eleven met his question with her wide, brown eyes and Mike tried not to give into her. They were clouded, and he could tell she was thinking. Instead of speaking, tears started to form in her eyes, making Mike upset as well.

“No, no . . .” Mike said and brought her head to his chest. Now that they were in high school, Mike was (finally) taller than her. “Please don’t cry, El. It’s fine. We break dishes all of the time in the Wheeler household.”

His response made her chuckle and sniff, a gentle smile of success appearing on his own lips. She pulled away and he looked down at her, brushing some of her hair away from her eyes. Thankfully, out of the two of them, he always knew what to say.

“I’m sorry I’m . . .” She furrowed her eyebrows—more thinking. “. . . crazy.”

Even after being in school for a while, it still took her some time to find the right adjective she was looking for. Mike thought it was endearing.

“El, you are *not* crazy. Dustin is the crazy one.”

It was his comment that made her laugh this time, and she sniffed again.

“Thank you, Mike.”

“You’re welcome.” He pressed a kiss to her forehead. “Now, let’s get this mess cleaned up, huh?”